

Sunday, October 1<sup>st</sup> 1944

Dearest;

I love you! That seems to be the most appropriate way I can think of to start a letter. You can be sure that that is the one thought which I have day in and day out, now and forever. You are the dearest thing in the world to me. I miss you so very much Darling. It seems years since I was last with you although it has only been about four weeks. Four weeks without being with you might as well be four years or four centuries as far as time goes, because time does drag by so.

The trip is going fairly well, although I was terrifically sea sick the first day or so. So sick in fact that I missed the night meal on my first day. I have gotten over that though and am now weathering the seas like a veteran. It was quite funny to see all the fellows walking around very sad and forlorn looking. As soon as one of them would part with his meal about a dozen others would follow suit but fast. The john was really jammed with the sick and expectant sick and some fellow would laugh at another when suddenly we would hit a stretch of choppy water and the laughter would succumb and be down beside the laughed at. It was indeed as sad a picture as I have seen in quite a while, and I was a part of it, an integral part.

The job is keeping clean is a pressing problem. The regular soap doesn't do us a bit of good and about the only thing it does accomplish

is the formation of a scum which has to be practically peeled off. Sooner or later, it is removed that we are to be issued some salt water soap. I hope that it is soon so I can wash up well. We have some showers but they also are salt water, they are refreshing though and give the illusion that they are of some value.

The drinking water has a very peculiar taste and is not appetizing, although it is thirst quenching. I still have the best part of a canteen full of fresh water which I got ashore before we left and I am doling that out to myself in ~~moderately~~ <sup>moderately</sup> quantities. It does taste quite good just before going to bed. We are given fresh fruit between meals. This really hits the spot and is a thirst quenching aid. For some reason or other, I have not been particularly thirsty on this trip and drink as little water as I ever remember drinking before. I usually spend half my time at a water fountain. It's just as well that I do learn to go without much water though because I may not always be where I have access to large quantities of it. This is what the army refers to as water discipline. The PX opens up tomorrow and will sell us Coca Cola though so that will help a lot.

I have acquired a new piece of equipment now. It is a life jacket and must be worn wherever I go. It serves as cushion, pillow and since it has pockets - as a catch all. It also helps keep me warm if the weather ever decides to blow cool unexpectedly. It is quite a handy thing.

When I get back home to you Darling, my days of oceanic travel are over. We will confine our travels to the limits of the American continent where we shall always have ground under us.

I am so anxious to be back so we can start living again as we should. I promise you that we shall never be apart again sweet. You can be assured that you will be more fully appreciated than ever woman has ever been appreciated by man before. You can just make up your mind to the fact that you are in for a life of being and being loved very dearly a life which I'm sure we will both enjoy very much. Won't it be wonderful Darling? Being together always.

How is everyone in the family. I hope your mother and father are O. K. The last letter from Mom wasn't very encouraging. The doctor doesn't seem to be making any headway with Dad and has sent him to a clinic in Boston. I certainly hope that they can do something for him there because Mom says he's worse now than he ever was and wasn't able to go to work a couple of days in ~~the~~ a row. Everyone else is all right though. Pauline is still working in the office at General Electric and likes her job quite well. How's your brother Arthur making out in his gunner's course. I'm glad Art likes the Navy as well as he seems to. I'm afraid I can't



see eye to eye with him on that score. It's all a matter of taste I guess, and mine does not run to salt water. While I think of it, would you send me his address, I'd like to drop him a line when I get settled and can catch up on my correspondence. By that time I imagine they will have transferred him again. That's one thing I like about this damned war, you never know where you'll be from day to day. It's particularly rough in a case like Arthur's where he graduated only last June and left home right away. Let's hope we'll all be home soon though. This war just can't last forever.

I'll have to close now and go down to bed. Darling. Goodnite, and remember that, wherever I may be, I kiss you goodnite,

Always.

Freddie